

A

REVIEW

OF THE

STATE

OF THE

ENGLISH NATION.

Thursday, June 27. 1706.

I Cannot but smile to see, how pleasant a Drollery we at home here have made of the War; and how diverting it is to the Town to argue, differ, and defend, about what we shall do with the King of France; but since there is no great Harm in it, let us go on a little with the Amusement, let some be for deposing the Man, some the Tyranny, both must be the Effect of a Conquest; and that we all agree to wish for, ~~of which by itself,~~ I said at first, that the Glut of good News, we had all at a Time, was really too much for us; and one of those Stories would very well have serv'd us a Fortnight, and made our Hearts glad too; Victories came heaping in upon us so fast, Ramellies, Barcelona, Alcantara, Brussels, Antwerp, Ghent, Bruges, and a Crowd of Conquests

hurried our Imagination to such Excesses; that it was a Barren Post, if it did not bring the News of some Town or other surrendered.

For my part, no Man rejoices more heartily at a Victory, than I do; and the Satisfaction of a good Prospect upon the general Heads of the War, is to me an inexpressible Pleasure—But stay, Gentlemen, this does not hinder; but we may afford to give them time to execute the great Design, from which we expect Victory and Success.

Hasty Reports of imaginary Successes really prepare more Chagrin, and are a greater Check to our Satisfaction, than we need give our selves—How often has this Jilt, this hasty-Flying-Post of 'magination harra's'd our Joy! To day Dendermond is Capi-

Capitulating; to morrow *Ostend* has sent Deputies to surrender; *Newport* is in our Hands, and *Courtray* abandon'd — And how sickly do we look, when disappointed in the Expectation! We are convinc'd, they must all be fought for; *Newport* attempted, but impracticable; *Ostend* belieg'd, and unforeseen Difficulties threaten a tedious Work of it; *Dendermond* reliev'd, and *Courtray* not quitted.

And what then, I see nothing ill before us from this, but what arises from the Folly of our entertaining hasty improbable Reports before, which now leave us to reflect on the Rashness and credulous Forwardness of our People, who devoured the Enemy in Imagination.

For my part, Gentlemen, I think 'tis good News, that these Towns will be had for fighting; that they will fall by Sieges, and cannot be reliev'd; and I must confess, 'tis no Disappointment to me, that they prepare to defend themselves, 'tis nothing but what we ought to expect from them.

I foresee, this Paper will come out on the very Day of our publick Thanksgiving for Victory — Pray, Gentlemen, take this Hint with you to *Church*, and be not ashamed to borrow it from this Paper. Let not the Disappointment, of what you groundlessly expected, lessen your Thankfulness for what is really obtain'd; and that it may not, pray look back a little with me upon what it is you are going to give Thanks for — And upon my Word, I must tell you, you are giving Thanks for Wonders, almost equal to the *Israelites* Deliverance from the *Egyptians* by the dangerous Pass of the *Mass Abritum*.

You have been sav'd by a Complication of Wonders, a Flux of miraculous Conjunctions, and in a Crowd of Critical Moments.

The Affairs of *France* were every where in such a posture, that they wanted nothing but this Blow to complete their Fortunes,

and your Ruin; had this *Comp & Eclat* been in their Favour, your Confederacy had trembled, the general Shock had been too great for the Fabrick; and like a vast ill supported Arch, it must have fallen in, and bury'd in its Ruins the Pillars that upheld it; and this is an excellent Subject to improve, and, in the Contemplation of which, to excite the Work of this day.

Nor is it any Allay to my Thankfulness, nor I hope to the general Acknowledgement, that the Torrent does not flow with the same rapid Course, that it first broke out in; that every Post does not give us Towns, Cities, Battles, and Victories. Providence does not always go our pace, nor do we always regulate our Expectations by rational Conjectures.

It cannot be expected, that *Ostend* or *Newport*, *Ipres* or *Meenen*, *Courtray* or *Dunkirk*, will open their Gates at the Sight of a Letter, as *Antwerp*, or with the Threatning of four Peices of Cannon as *Oudenard*. The first Fright always affects People, and it did work beyond Expectation — But People always recollect themselves with Time, and they will make what Resistance they can.

The Summer is still before us, and we are satisfy'd, the Duke of *Starborough* will not be idle; let us wait the Event with Cheerfulness and Patience, and leaving the Success to the Sovereign Director,

Praise him for all his Mercies past,
And wait with Joy for those behind.

Psalmist's Psalms pa. 67.
I could have gone on with this Subject, but I hope, 'tis needless to add my Hints to the general Instruction of the Day; I choose therefore to joy in the Publick Joy, and ask the Readers Pardon for the following hasty Lines.

ON THE
 Victories in *FLANDERS*,
 AND THE
 Thanksgiving at St. *PAUL's*.

When *Israel's* Army pass'd the Dreadful Stream
 To Conquer *Canaan* ; *how did Nature dream !*
How stood the Conquering Host amaz'd to see

Jordan's strong Waves portending Victory,
Frighted start back, and leave the Passage free !
 Doz'd with the pleasing Sight, the *Halting Sun*
 Stood still ; as if he slept, and had forgot to run.
 Nature's great self obeys, when *Joshua* calls,
 And Rams-Horn Batteries beat down *Canaan's Walls*.
Cheap Victory and easy Conquests joyn,
 And Heaven directs in every wise *Design*.
Joshua THE MARLBRO' of those wondrous Days,
 Only went out to fight, *came home to praise ;*
 The *Distant Nations* trembl'd at his Name,
 Less conquer'd by his Sword, *than by his Fame*.
 The Huge *Gigantick Legions* quit the Field,
 And *Anak's Household Troops* were taught to yield ;
 Amaz'd, from rapid Conquests *Nations flew,*
 And their own Fears the guilty Troops subdue.

Marlbro', OUR JOSHUA, just like him makes War,
From him, th' Invincible has learn'd to fear ;
 Th' Embattled Squadrons tremble at his Fame,
 Less frightened at his Sword, *than at his Name*.
 The *Legions* shun the *Lightning of his Brow,*
 And *stubborn Provinces* are taught to bow ;